WHAT'S WHAT WITH "WHO'S WHO", BY J. BRYAN, III

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"In even so grim a subject as war, Wallace Deuel is able to introduce humor" . . . *(See page 5)*

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by LEWIS BROWNE

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The Saturday Review of Literature

What's What with "Who's Who"

J. BRYAN, III

TAP DAY comes next month. Not the day when juniors at Yale join their secret societies, but Tap Day for the whole nation—the day when some 3,500 Americans will be announced as new members of an honored fellowship. One of the present members is a girl of thirteen. Another is a man of 102. A third is the son of slave parents. Age, sex, race, faith, wealth, and politics matter not at all. What you have accomplished is the only yardstick by which the editors of *"Who's Who in America" measure you. Unless you are among "the best known" in some line of "useful and reputable achievement," they won't give you the accolade of printing your biography, and no amount of persuasion will avail you.

Late in the 1890's, a young Chicago publisher named Albert Nelson Marquis happened upon a British "almanack" and court guide called "Who's Who." It provided little more than the names and addresses of the peerage and government officials, but the title struck Marquis as just right for an idea he had been working on for two years—a biographical dictionary of Americans selected on the basis of achievement.

Many of Marquis's first requests for biographical data met with skepticism. He was suspected of laying a trap for dollars and baiting it with vanity. Dr. Mary Walker, the famous exponent of bloomers, refused to supply information about herself unless she was paid for it. Marquis retorted that he had no more intention of buying information for his book than he had of selling space in it. Reassured, she filled in his questionnaire.

Volume I of "Who's Who in America" appeared in 1899, with the red binding and gold lettering which it has worn ever since. It contained 8,602 brief biographical sketches and sold about 4,000 copies. Most of these were bought by proud biographees. Newspapers and libraries were slow to realize that Marquis was offering them a unique reference book. Besides, they too suspected a come-on. But as volume succeeded volume, punctually every two years, Marquis's disinterestedness became evident. He would accept advertising only from educational institutions, and he would accept only those biographies which met his standards. In time not only libraries and publications, but schools, colleges, and government bureaus began to subscribe. By 1910, Marquis had won admission to "Webster's Dictionary" for the term *who's who*. Twenty years later he had the satisfaction of seeing his volume specifically identified by "Webster's" definition: "a person of prominence; as one of the Who's in 'Who's Who'."

The circulation of the forthcoming volume, number 22, is expected to pass 60,000.* Eighty-five percent of the nation's high schools will buy copies; so will ninety percent of the newspapers. Nine thousand copies will go to colleges and universities; 6,800 to public libraries. The N. Y. Public Library alone will buy more than seventy.

Like all successful pioneers, "Who's Who" has many times been paid the doubtful compliment of imitation. It must continually fight, often in the courts, the "mugg books" which, borrowing its title but not its careful selectivity, round up gullible citizens at anywhere from ten dollars to fifty dollars a head—"Who's Who" citations, of course, are free—and come out with volumes called by some such name as "Who's Who in Cactus Center," or "Who's Who in the Buttonhole Industry." One such imitator, purporting to be a social directory, listed two dachshunds and a bricklayer.

"Who's Who in America," in addition to being an ante-humous Arlington, an American Westminster Abbey, is also a valuable property. Dr. Marquis no longer owns it—he sold it to Wheeler Sammons of Chicago in 1926; but until recently he was at his desk every day, although in his eighties or nineties. His most intimate associates do not know his exact age. It is conspicuously missing from his biography in the book he founded.

For easier reading and stacking, Volume 22 will be taller, thinner, wider than former volumes. Among the 32,000 sketches will be approximately 350 alumni of Volume 1. They will include Maude Adams, George Ade, Walter Damrosch, Charles G. Dawes, Raymond Ditmars, Theodore Dreiser, Nicholas Murray Butler.

Now that Samuel Untermyer is dead, the sketch of himself contributed by Dr. Butler, President of Columbia University, will be the longest—129 lines of type, or about ten inches. Untermyer's ran twelve and a half inches and supplied, as H. L. Mencken once observed, "everything of interest about the hon. gentleman save his fingerprints and the number of his watch." Dr. Butler's sketch is also the longest in the British "Who's Who," being slightly longer than Roosevelt's, Churchill's, Stalin's, Hitler's, and Mussolini's combined.

Close behind Dr. Butler in Volume 22 will be William Fortune, of Indianapolis, with 117 lines. The gap would have been wider if Mr. Fortune had not thought it vital to point out that he was "Chairman com. in charge of dinner given by friends throughout the country in honor of James Whitcomb Riley in last year of poet's life," and that he had "made tour around world in 1923." On the other hand, Vice-President Wallace tells his story in eighteen terse lines; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in seventeen; William S. Knudsen in fifteen.

Possibly lineage is not a reliable index of true importance. Possibly, too, the editors should make a stricter assay of what has been important in a carêer. Only occasionally does the staff edit sketches. One writer and educator included a long list of translations he had made. In accord with "Who's Who" policy, the translations

*"Who's Who's" current circulation is here made public for the first time.

*WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA. Vol. 22. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis. Chicago: A. N. Marquis Co. 1942.

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were omitted. The writer threatened to sue, but got nowhere.

In Volume 22, Shirley Temple will be the youngest entry; she was born April 23, 1928, and has been in "Who's Who" since she was eight. Brigadier General William Henry Bisbee will be the oldest; he was born January 28, 1840. As a group, scientists are the oldest. Their education takes so long that they seldom achieve fame until late. The youngest groups are writers and entertainers. Nicholas Roosevelt —who died in 1854—is the blue-ribbon sire of "Who's Who," with twenty direct descendants welcomed into Dr. Marquis's fold since Volume 1. Next to him is William Henry Vanderbilt, with thirteen. The Smith family will have the heaviest representation in Volume 22, with nearly 300. The Browns will be second, with about 170. Third place goes to the Joneses, with 150.

Many names are listed ex officio —the President and Vice-President, of course; members of the Cabinet and of Congress; governors and attorneys-general of the states and territories; high-ranking diplomats, judges, and churchmen; rear admirals and above, and brigadier generals and above; presidents of important universities and colleges, and members of certain scientific, educational, and philanthropic societies.

These comprise approximately one-fifth of the total entries. Most of the others were originally suggested by their mention in the scores of newspapers and periodicals which the staff winnows day in, day out. Some are recommended by co-workers, friends, and relatives. A venerable bishop pleaded, "I'm getting old, and everybody knows me anyway, so my listing isn't of any value to me. Please put my son's name in and drop mine." His request was not granted. Every year a large number of people boldly submit their own names. Experience has shown that about one such in twenty deserves his high opinion of himself.

The editors make a preliminary investigation of all possible entries, however suggested, and the names that survive it are referred to special committees. For instance, a committee of engineers passes on all candidates from their profession. Lawyers, doctors, writers, businessmen form some of the other committees. No one knows the membership of these committees except themselves and the editors. It would be impossible for an aspirant to use pressure even if he wanted to.

Sometimes a committee becomes ineffective through death, or a growing partiality to friends and associates. Then the editors are faced with the necessity for a shakeup. This happened in the case of sports. You could search the last "Who's Who" in vain for the names of Joe Louis, Jack Dempsey, Jim Braddock, or any other boxing champion. Gene Tunney was listed, to be sure, but as "chm. of bd. of Am. Distilling Co." While such baseball stars as Joe Di Maggio, Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Ty Cobb were also absent, professionalism could not have been the objection, because Sam Snead and Ralph Guldahl were specifically identified as professional golfers, and professional tennis was represented by Tilden, Budge, Perry, Vines, and Alice Marble. This led to the criticism that "Who's Who" was favoring "class sports." If so, where were Hitchock, Milburn, Guest, Iglehart, Phipps, and all the other top-ranking polo players?

The editors, after getting the advice of experts and searching their own souls, decided to settle the matter by dropping sports entirely. Hereafter, athletes will not be included in "Who's Who" unless they can claim distinction in other fields as well.

The music committee had also left unaccountable gaps. Why was Guy Lombardo honored as a band leader, but not Benny Goodman, Kay Kyser, Sammy Kaye, and Wayne King? No one would dispute that Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, and Jerome Kern deserve their enshrinement as composers, but why ignore Vincent Youmans, Rodgers and Hart, and William C. Handy? Surely Handy, who wrote The St. Louis Blues, The Beale Street Blues, and many other "standard" songs, is as important as—to pick a name at random—the clergyman whose only distinction seems to be his co-authorship of "The Technique of Public Worship." Some of these omissions will be made good in Volume 22 but other gaps will show "Who's Who" to be still somewhat behind the musical times.

The editors and the committees considered more than 200,000 persons for addition to the forthcoming volume. Each of the 3,500-odd they finally endorsed was notified and asked to supply data. (Incidentally, "Who's Who's" files contain an unbeatable collection of contemporary American autographs.) Nobody refused this year, but occasionally in years past a prospective biographee has demanded that his name be left out. George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Co., was one. Another was the late Senator Ashurst of Arizona, who read his vigorous disapproval into *The Congressional Record* time and again—perhaps with an eye to publicity, as he knew his name would be included ex-officio.

An average volume of "Who's Who"

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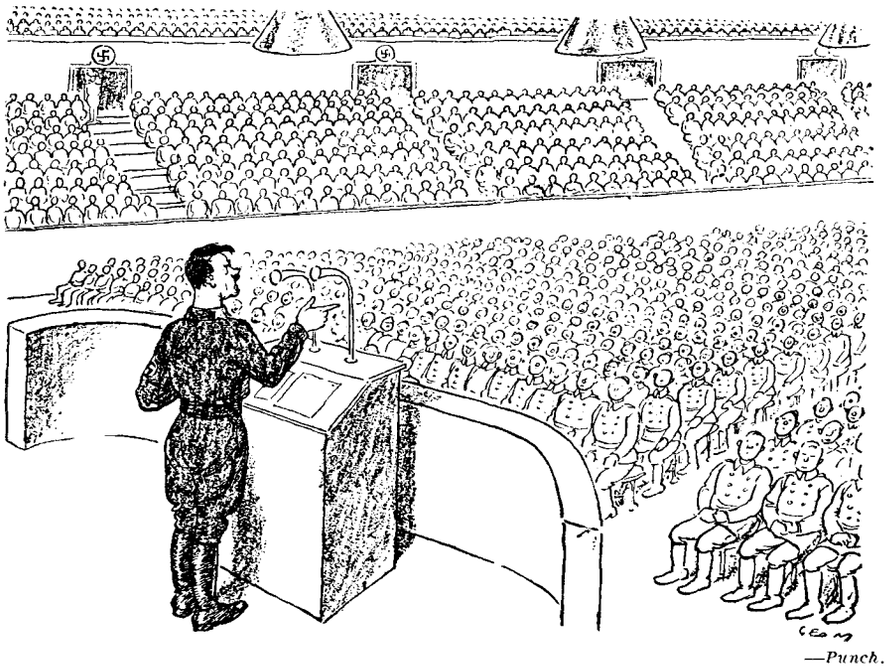

—*Punch.*

"Stop me if you've heard this before."

Germany's Iron Heel

PEOPLE UNDER HITLER. By Wallace R. Deuel. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1942. 392 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

IN 1934 Wallace R. Deuel went to Berlin for the Chicago *Daily News*. He arrived in that second fateful year of the Hitler regime, when the Fuehrer was carrying out his "blood purge" and making his abortive Putsch in Vienna. At that time the world did not take the Nazi military challenge seriously. It was some months before conscription was proclaimed.

During his long service in Berlin, Mr. Deuel had a high reputation as a man and as a journalist among his fellow writers and in the foreign colony of the German capital. So what he says deserves not only to be heard but to be pondered carefully. He has a real contribution to make toward an understanding of the whole German riddle—at a time when an understanding of our enemies is so essential. It is must reading for an understanding of Nazi Germany.

"People Under Hitler" is the story of the millions of men and women—Nazis, non-Nazis and anti-Nazis—who live under the dictatorship of the Third Reich. It throws new light on the mentality of the Nazis and the throngs of people who have been caught in the maelstrom of Hitler's revolutionary flood. It begins with the scene in the humid Kroll Opera House the forenoon of September 1, 1939, when Hitler announced that since early that morning the German troops had "returned" the fire of the Polish army. It moves on through the Nazi pattern of life till it closes with "Epilogue: World Counter-Revolution."

Mr. Deuel writes smoothly and interestlingly. In even so grim a subject he is able to introduce humor. And there is drama, too. The German radio had just announced that Britain considered herself at war with the Reich. "Outside, the trees stood still in the sun. The light shimmered on the leaves as though reflected from a quiet stream. A street car clacked through a switch. A bird scolded and a child cried."

One of the most penetrating chapters in the book is titled "The Failure." It is the life story of the Fuehrer. It opens with this challenging sentence: "The fact that Adolf Hitler has a Charlie Chaplin mustache is one of the most fateful facts of modern times." That mustache was a symbol. It had a great deal to do with the fact that the world, including anti-Nazi Germans, refused to take Hitler seriously —until it was too late.

But is this grotesque figure with the Chaplin mustache, the neurotic temperament, this would-be artist, this weird individual whose own failure typified the failure of so many millions of his fellow common men—is he a ruler in his own right? Or is he merely a figurehead? Mr. Deuel answers this question: "No, Adolf Hitler is no figurehead. He is, on the contrary, one of the greatest political geniuses, howbeit a singularly evil one, of all modern times."

By far the best parts of this volume are Mr. Deuel's own words, not his quotations from other writers. He may have thought that these bolstered his views. If so, he did not need them. He speaks with complete authority in his own right. What he has written is a standard work about our principal enemy. We shall have to know more about this foe in order to defeat him.

The reviewer looked for a chapter on Karl Haushofer and Geopolitics. It was a surprise to find Mr. Deuel dismiss them in a few sentences. It is doubly so to one who recently returned from Japan where General Haushofer's Geopolitics is exerting a powerful influence on Japanese foreign and military-naval policies. The reviewer hopes that the second edition will have more to say on this subject.

Personal Approach

BUILDERS OF LATIN AMERICA. By Watt Stewart and Harold F. Peterson. Harpers. 1942. 356 *pp.* $1.68.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

IN writing Latin American history for students of the earlier high school years, Drs. Stewart and Peterson have capitalized on the principle that young people (and many others) are more readily interested in a person than in an idea or an impersonal fact. Starting with the Spanish *conquistadores,* the authors have sought to impart an understanding of Latin-American folkways, problems, and attitudes through a series of biographical sketches of individuals who have shaped the development of the American republics. Many Americans are already familiar with a few of their selections: Cortés, Bolívar, Toussaint l'Ouverture, Diaz, Gómez, Cárdenas. But the bulk of the characters depicted—some heroes, some rogues—will be strange to all but specialized students. How many of us have heard of Atahualpa, last of the Inca emperors; of Pedro de Valdivia, founder of Chile; of Rosas, once dictator of Argentina; of Henry Meiggs, Yankee railroad builder of the Andes; or of Rubén Darío, Nicaragua's widely known poet? More than twenty of these colorful figures parade through the pages of this book. Some are chosen from the colonial period; some from among the heroes of the liberating revolutions. A third group consists of Latin American dictators, and a fourth of modern statesmen and men of letters. Over sixty excellent illustrations enhance the educational value of the generally interesting text. The authors have done a sound, eclectic job in composition; and adults as well as secondary school pupils may read the results with profit.

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The Mad Years of Boulangism

BRAVE GENERAL. By Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 625 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

THE recipe for an appetizing historical novel is relatively simple: take an exciting event (or period of history); study carefully your background; create an imaginary character (or a group of characters); let them have a sentimental life, distinct from the central theme; then tell the well-known story as seen by your imaginary characters, and sprinkle with local color. The result should be a nourishing and palatable dish, for a winter evening or a long journey.

Herbert Gorman was wise when he chose for his *"plat de résistance"* the mad years of Boulangism in France. General Boulanger is the perfect hero for an historical novel, because he provides at the same time the political and the sentimental intrigue. As a politician, he very nearly upset the French Republic. When we reread the tale of his adventure, it seems unbelievable. The man was neither a good soldier, nor an astute politician. "At your age," Prime Minister Charles Floquet told him, in a much derided sentence, "at your age, General Boulanger, Napoleon was dead." As a matter of fact, the poor fellow had nothing in common with Napoleon. He never won a victory; he was not a great mind; he was not even a strong man.

In point of fact Boulanger had only three assets: a beautiful beard, a black charger, and an eye for publicity. It would not have been enough if France had then been a healthy nation. But France, after the defeat of 1871, suffered from an inferiority complex, and inferiority complexes usher in strange leaders. France was ready to welcome the soldier who would promise her revenge. Boulanger was ready to promise that, or anything. He promised Déroulède to fight Germany; he promised the workmen the Army would not oppose them; he promised the Radicals, headed by Clemenceau, he would exile the members of former reigning families; he promised the Duchess of Uzès he would support the Bourbon pretender. A popular singer, Paulus, wrote songs about him; their martial rhythm was soon acclaimed by the crowds; "Brave General" became a music-hall hero; he was elected to Parliament by many constituencies, with overwhelming majorities. Every hope seemed open to him. What did he want? Would he be a Cromwell, a Monk, or, who knows, a Bonaparte?

He chose to be a Werther. A few days after his triumph, the Government threatened to arrest him. No more was necessary. With his mistress, Mme. de Bonnemains, he fled to Belgium and his party collapsed. Boulangism, "which had been a force, became a farce." Mme. de Bonnemains died of consumption, in Brussels, and Boulanger shot himself on her grave. A witty lady journalist said that he had "begun as Caesar, continued as Catilina, and ended as Romeo." Clemenceau wrote another, and less kind epitaph: "Here lies General Boulanger, who died as he lived, a second lieutenant." A second lieutenant. . . . Yes, Boulanger was nothing but a glorified subaltern.

Herbert Gorman, when he concocted his story, followed with conspicuous success the recipe given at the beginning of this review. His knowledge of the background is very thorough; his picture of a Parisian suburb, Montreuil-sous-Bois, and of its inhabitants, shows an intimate acquaintance with French life. The scenes whose heroes are Boulanger, Clemenceau, Floquet, alternate with scenes played by minor characters of life, who are the major characters of the novel. A "boy meets girl" intrigue is provided by one Lily, who is a charming Frenchwoman, sensual and sensible. The sprinkling of local color is exactly what it should be, and one can see that the author, not only knows France well, but loves her.

Herbert Gorman

There is a moral to his tale: that such an inferior and boyish adventurer could get hold of the popular imagination, in a highly intelligent country, should be a lesson to all free nations. The voice of the people is sometimes the voice of God; at other times it is only the voice of Paulus.

Historians on Historians

SOME HISTORIANS OF MODERN EUROPE. Edited by Bernadotte E. Schmitt. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1942. 533 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

PROFESSOR SCHMITT has here gathered together the fruits of several years of historiographical seminars at the University of Chicago. There are essays on twenty-two modern historians whose work is too recent to be included in the historiographical writings of Gooch and Fueter and about whom, therefore, there have hitherto existed few sources of biographical information beyond "Who's Who" and university and library catalogues, and only scattered critical writings. Merely as a work of reference, then, this book is of great value. The essays, each by a different hand, are of surprisingly uniform competence. Although the sources are often slender, there is something about the personality and character of each historian. His works are carefully listed and his place in the guild of historians estimated. All in all, an excellent job of teamwork.

No book on twenty-two leading novelists, dramatists, poets, or painters of the last forty years of Europe could possibly include figures as little known to the general reading public as are these historians. Of the twenty-two only Croce is a familiar figure to those outside the historian's guild—and Croce is known chiefly as a philosopher. John Holland Rose, as heir to a British tradition of historical eloquence, attained with his lives of Napoleon and Pitt a somewhat wider audience; and Miliukov is remembered as another professor who took an unprofitable part in politics. But of Aulard, Kliuchevsky, Lavisse, Sir Richard Lodge, Mathiez, Sée, Temperley, and their peers the cultivated American reader is likely to know nothing at all. Even the scientists get a better press, for although what they write is quite unreadable by the layman, they do make all sorts of nice discoveries and inventions which are well worth articles in the periodicals, highbrow and lowbrow. It does not, of course, follow that these historians have been without influence, nor that the writing of history is in a sad way and needs a generation of prophets. But this book does help to drive home the rather obvious fact that historians no longer belong naturally and inevitably to the republic of letters.

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Cabell . . .

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF AMERICA. By Branch Cabell. New York: Farrar & Rhinehart. 1942. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

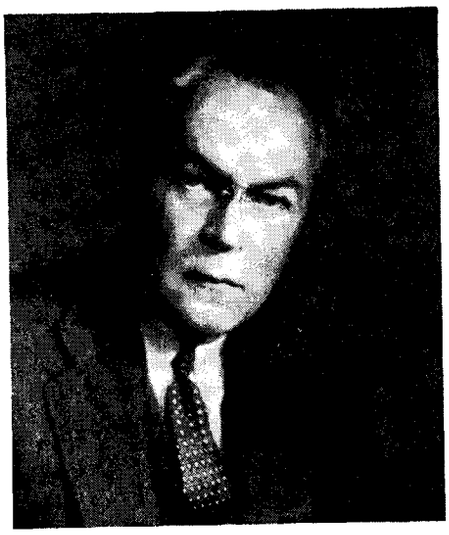
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THIS is a tale of the sixteenth century, of the Northern Neck of Virginia when that land, known as Ajacan, honored the wise rule of its god Quetzal, Lord of the Ninth Wind; and of the Florida over which Pedro Menéndez de Aviles and Jean Ribaut fought for their respective kings; and of the Mexico governed by Don Luis de Velasco in the name of Philip of Spain. It is, more particularly, the tale of Nemattanon, son of Quetzal and chieftain or Werrowance of the Ajacans, who went into Florida and Mexico to acquaint himself with the manners and morals of the conquerors from Europe, that he might protect his people against both foreign arms and overseas religion. It is, in its central portion, the story of how "Pedro Menéndez established the city of St. Augustine to be the main glory, in our Western Hemisphere, of the tourist trade," and of how "through a stern, bland murderous service of despotism, he raised up the first enduring stronghold of democracy." It is, in its widest significance, as the sub-title announces, A Comedy of Conquest; and, in passing, it directs the reader's attention to the saving virtues inherent in the national policy now known and damned as isolationism.

Satire and irony have long had sport with the themes of the advanced peoples of the earth imposing civilization and religion, by means of fire and sword and torture, upon the poor benighted heathen. Mr. Cabell gives us no new variations. Typical of his treatment is the speech that he puts into the mouth of Nemattanon, who has just listened to Laudonière's account of his own effective dealing with the Seloy Indians:

> And yet . . . yet all this charity toward the blind errors of heathendom was, no doubt, wasted. The West Indians do not appreciate the large benefits which they are deriving daily from a more intimate contact with the civilization of Europe. They object to being tortured or shot down, and they even grumble about being starved to death upon snug quiet islands, in order to enjoy these large benefits. They behave, in fine, like curmudgeons.

Such irony comes easily and trippingly from the pen, as does an old song from the tongue. And Branch Cabell's story of the first gentleman of America comes to us with turns of



—Photo by Foster

Branch Cabell

phrase and twists of narrative that were made familiar, years ago, by James Branch Cabell. So we read, always, "not ever" in place of "never," and "by ordinary" in place of "ordinarily." When Branch speaks of women and of marriage, it is the voice of James that we hear; and in the contriving of such scenes as the final one between Menéndez and Ribaut, and the parting between Menéndez and the Prince of Ajacan, it is an older hand than Branch's that we perceive—the hand that contrived the elegant, tight, tense short stories bound up in "Chivalry" and "Gallantry" and "The Certain Hour." The sex in this book is by courtesy of the author of "Jurgen" and other related volumes. And surely it is with the very tongue of the self-begotten Branch's "onlie begetter" that Nemantannon addresses the marriage-minded Antonia:

> "You must pardon my bucolic display of emotion," he protested. "But I am touched by the hot sense of unworthiness, no less than by the insensate spur to escape, which, in every honest male creature, is awakened, always, by the announcement of a determined woman that she intends to make out of him her husband. I can but answer you. Antonia, *Non dignus sum.*"

In the nineteen-twenties James Branch Cabell found a decade peculiarly sympathetic to his own peculiar talents and graces. Branch Cabell is less fortunate in the matter of timing. But it is not Mr. Cabell (begetter and begotten) who has changed, or even dwindled. That should be remembered when we read a tale "of which the double purpose," announced by its author, is no more than "to incite a half-hour or two of indulgent attention and a good night's sleep."

Wilkins . . .

SEVEN TEMPEST. By Vaughan Wilkins. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 458 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

BOTH in time and manner Mr. Wilkins's novel of royal intrigue, lusty low life, pursuit and escape, and triumph of true love belongs to that period of cheerful amplitude when a Dickens (to name just one notable host) served up fifteen courses of plot and character, with all the eyefilling garnishings, at every literary meal. If here and there through its 458 pages some may miss the piquancy of more subtle sauces, or, after a diet of well-packed but unnutritious snacks, lack both the palate and the digestion for such hearty fare, many others will surely come away with the abundantly fed feeling of the large family dinner.

The odd and provocative title is the name of the hero, called Seven because, quite literally, he was the seventh bastard son of a self-made man seeking a suitable heir for his vast industrial and financial empire. The other six experiments, all children of different mothers chosen for their eugenic rather than their romantic possibilities, failed to measure up to the terrible apprenticeship their father decreed for them. Seven alone makes the grade, inherits the properties, and becomes "builder of ships and engines, owner of coal mines and manufactories," manipulator of the lives of thousands of men—and one wilful little princess. She is the cousin of young Victoria, a pawn in the complex game of chess Leopold was playing with royal houses. But Anna Louise had a mind of her own, as her cousin Albert, not yet Victoria's husband, and a lot of other royal relatives discovered to their embarrassment. Seven's discovery of it and his manner of dealing with it must be read rather than revealed.

Mr. Wilkins will not satisfy those critics who look to every novel for an advancement of the form or for a contribution to the crisis of our time. The Victorians are as much in his bones as they are in his books. He owes a great deal to Dickens in his lavishness, his relish for low characters and strong language, his black-and-white characterizations, even his names and his use of epithet to fix a quality or a peculiarity. But a really robust writer is not to be despised these days, and a man who can give a reader some fun and story for his money can be innocently enjoyed in any period.

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Yenni . . .

HOUSE FOR THE SPARROW. By Julia Truitt Yenni. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 295 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

IN Psalm 84 there are two verses that read:

> Yea the sparrow hath found an house,
> And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young.

After having occupied about as many houses as the average sparrow over many years, the Larbells, of some unidentified city in the South, decide against a consistent annual moving day and buy an old house on the most aristocratic street of town. They do not do this as a move up in the world but merely because the house is for sale; with the exception of Clara, an over-sensitive adolescent, they are very well satisfied with themselves as they are. They never think of being as good as anyone else unless some other person brings up the point, and then they know they are just as good and a dern sight better.

The collection that moves into the stiff little street is assorted but very congenial. The paralyzed grandmother had once been a journalist of note and had gone around the world in seventy-one days, some hours, and minutes—it may be noticed in passing that this beat Nellie Bly's record by a day, which the author does not mention. She is still full of independence and wise irony, and runs away from home in her wheel chair whenever anyone in the family does anything intolerably asinine. The father is a free lance motion picture photographer; the mother merely a tolerant and reasonably efficient mother.

The children are a great gallery. The youngest boy is a conservator of wild life, notably rabbits, rats, and mice. He is all for the new home because the barn stinks so that he knows he will have it and its rats for himself. By and by he has two rats trained to draw a cigar box wagon. The youngest girl is an impulsive but proud little wench who has been baptized into five different churches when the spirit moved her, but is nevertheless an excellent shot with a rock, also when the spirit moves her.

Clara is the central story character; she is forever between wrath and despair at the non-conformities of her family to the ways of the Edgecombes and Norths, the "big" families of the region. Her difficulties are multiplied many times by the courting of the Edgecombe heir, a kindly enough piece of boiled spaghetti, continually appalled by such things as the father's reference to the weather as having the chill of witch's bosom, in colloquial language. The old lady remarks that statements of such a kind are inane, since a comparison is impossible, which does not quite save the situation.

Julia Truitt Yenni

Everything comes out, not so well as to be incredible, but well enough for the Larbells, being the people they are.

It is a charming book, full of good scenes and good characters. The Edgecombes and Norths are perhaps a little bit standardized small town snobs, but they are only foils for a remarkable family.

—*Photo by Ker-Seymer*

Margaret Lane

Lane . . .

WALK INTO MY PARLOR. By Margaret Lane. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 343 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

THIS is one of the novels that carry so much conviction that one seems to have been an eyewitness of the life it describes. One might call it a traditional London novel; it has all the amplitude and minute wealth of detail of the realistic English novel of thirty years ago. It is right that this should be so. Emma Shardiloe, a shallow egoist who becomes a fraudulent medium, is a grown woman just at the turn of the century. Her late Victorian childhood is spent in a house in Brixton Hill, a house with a dark basement kitchen and stuffy bedrooms and a garden full of sooty laurels. Her obscure dissatisfaction with her environment, intensified by sickliness, jealousy of a prettier older sister, and uneven handling by a temperamental mother who had once been a music hall singer, evokes the curious methods by which Emma's twisted nature asserts itself — faked sleepwalking, small mystifications that lead her superstitious family to believe that a poltergeist is haunting their house. Emma is an unpleasant child who grows into an attractive, dangerous, and secretive young woman. So tortuous is the labyrinth of her inner life that she can never extricate herself from its mazes, but is continually drawn back into the fraud which ends in inevitable disaster, spoiling what might have been a happy marriage and generally ruining her life.

The events and people of "Walk Into My Parlor" are seen in a cold, exacting light which displays always an unchallengeable reality—time's ravages on an old woman's face, the dexterity of a magician's fingers, a dingy city garden or the beauty of an Irish moor. Perhaps one is less interested in the story of Emma's deceptions than in the minor characters clustered about her, who all act and speak and think with extraordinary naturalness. Margaret Lane writes with immense zest about these people, and her microscopic eye misses no detail of the usually unnoticed happenings that make up our total impression of a moment.

"Monster Seller" is the latest term to describe books previously listed as top best-sellers. Credit for the "new" literary adjective goes to the Macmillan Company, who own to having "lifted" it from a cablegram received from Jonathan Cape of London.

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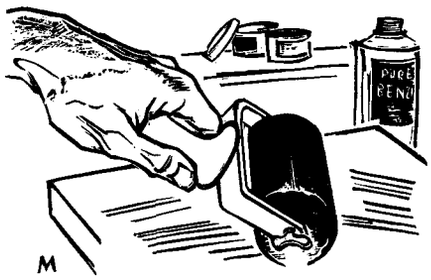
Cleveland's "Plain Dealer"

THE PLAIN DEALER. ONE HUNDRED YEARS IN CLEVELAND, 1842-1942. By Archer H. Shaw. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 532 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD



THE *Cleveland Plain Dealer* is a remarkable American institution which has existed in one form and another for a century, beginning as a weekly and being at times an evening daily and then a morning one, sometimes with an evening edition and latterly without. It has always been an independent Democratic newspaper, supporting the Democratic national policies when it could, but bolting William J. Bryan in 1900 (after espousing his free silver policies in 1898), and the third-term candidate in 1940. In the main, however, it has been pretty regular, reserving its independence for many admirable public services in its local field. It has at times shown true liberalism, as when is supported Tom Johnson in his magnificent fight for a city controlled traction system with low fares. The author of this volume was certainly entitled to link together the history of this journal and that of the city in which it is published, for it has profoundly influenced the development of the municipality and will do so perhaps even more in the years to come since it has reached the position so eagerly desired by newspaper managers of being alone in its morning field, as has been the *Chicago Tribune* until a short time ago. A newspaper monopoly never seems to this reviewer a desirable situation in a democratic community. But certainly, if the past is a criterion, the *Plain Dealer* is not likely to abuse its great responsibility to the community.

It cannot be said, however, that it has been intellectually always a great or strong paper. Indeed, there were many years when it was struggling to live that it was often extremely careful not to offend and, as Mr. Shaw frankly admits, printed many editorials of the "on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other" type with which Americans are altogether too familiar. Nor has it been guided by really great men though it has had some strong leader writers and, on the management and ownership side, some able and vigorous personalities. The most outstanding of these were Liberty E. Holden and Elbert H. Baker. It was the latter who won for it riches and great influence by sound and honest and farsighted business management and his devotion to the welfare of Cleveland. It had never been a money-maker until Mr. Baker leased it. He lifted it out of its rut, gave it a cosmopolitan appearance, put more and more news into it until it had surpassed and then swallowed its chief rival and, became the press leader in northern Ohio. More than that, he rendered marked personal service to the community, as in the great traction battle when Mr. Baker worked out the plan which made the end of the long fight possible, and brought Mayor Tom Johnson and the representative of the owners of the private companies together.

For so conservative a paper in many of its stands, it was really quite remarkable that the *Plain Dealer* fought on the side of the people as often as it did—it was both conservative and liberal at times, and that, of course, reflected Mr. Baker himself. One thing was immensely to his credit: he repeatedly refused public office, saying, correctly, that no office could equal his job as the head of the *Plain Dealer,* besides which he knew that an editor who seems to profit personally by his advocacy of parties and leaders is bound to lose his influence. He, like Adolph S. Ochs, not only recognized the value of news as a circulation getter, but knew that the news reports must not editorialize. He really strove to have them objective. To this writer it always seemed a pity that Mr. Baker did not really know Europe and have a broader outlook, but no one could work with him and not respect and admire his ability, his modesty, his simplicity and kindliness, as well as his integrity which was as solid as his New England ancestry.

Mr. Shaw, who has been for thirty-odd years the chief editorial writer of the *Plain Dealer,* has told the story of its career with considerable objectivity and willingness to point out its shortcomings, but the book would have been much improved had it followed a chronological program and been condensed. It is at times too detailed for the general reader, though not for the journalist interested in the evolution of a great newspaper property by steering a course which Mr. Shaw justly describes as neither "radical nor clamorous." He has left the field open for a later critical appraisal by one who will view the *Plain Dealer* from the point of view of the public and will especially evaluate its contributions to liberal progress, such as its advocacy of the New Deal in Mr. Roosevelt's third term, as was obviously not possible for one who has been as much a part of it and as devoted to it as Mr. Shaw.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

POETS IN LITERATURE

Poets are people too, and as such they frequently appear as characters in the pages of literature. Do you recognize the ten that are briefly sketched below? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 14.

1. Crowds of love-sick maidens followed this longhaired poet around (not that he objected) but he loved only the village milkmaid.
2. He wrote passionate lyrics to his lady love and hung them on the trees in the forest of Arden.
3. After his death this Spoon River poet realized that he had passed by the real material of poetry which lay all around him in favor of artificial forms and trite ideas.
4. Although he thought it very vulgar to break into print, he had visions of seeing his love elegies "on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text should meander through a meadow of margin."
5. Under the pen name of Azalea Adair, this Nashville lady wrote poetry, the revenue from which was squandered by her drunken husband.
6. This young man wrote what he did not doubt was poetry to a young lady whose principal charm was speaking in baby talk.
7. This 18-year-old poet read sonnets to the 33-year-old clergyman's wife with whom he was in love.
8. She was the author of "Ode to an Expiring Frog," which she recited at the public breakfasts she gave for celebrities.
9. Before she died at fourteen, this young girl kept a scrap book of obituaries, accidents, and cases of patient suffering clipped from the *Presbyterian Observer* and made up elegaic tributes to the unfortunate victims.
10. Night after night this cockroach wrote *vers libre* on a typewriter whose keys he operated by diving on them head first.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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DESIGN FOR GIVING

A RECENT tally of books contributed to the armed services and the merchant marine as part of the Victory Book Campaign shows that after four weeks only one million volumes have been collected. This represents a fraction of the 10,000,000 goal.

Something's wrong somewhere. It seems incredible that a nation of 130,000,000 people, who frequently buy one million or more copies of a single book, and where approximately 750,000 hold memberships in book clubs, should be so sluggish and indifferent about contributing books for the men in the services. The goal of ten million books should have been reached in the first week, instead of one-tenth that number in a month. Can it be that not enough of an effort was made to publicize the drive? That is doubtful, for the press, the radio, and the magazines coöperated in giving the campaign prominence. In addition, posters were strung throughout the country—in libraries, on telephone poles, in public conveyances, in the schools. Can it be that the method of collection was too complicated? That, too, is doubtful, since all the donor had to do was to deposit his books at the desk of the local library or at other designated places, or, if that was too much trouble, to give his bundle to a boy scout.

Perhaps there is another reason.

Can it be that Americans are capable of any sacrifices except the small ones? Is it possible that the national psychology emphasizing bigness has caused us to think only in those terms —to the detriment of the small things that have to be done if we are to win this war. Let the government send out a call for homes to be turned over to the army, and the call will be filled many times over. Let the army send out a call for men over fifty years of age to man anti-aircraft batteries, and there will be queues formed before the echo of the call has died down. But let the government cut down on the use of tires or sugar, and we grouse and fume and boil over; let there be a voluntary campaign to supply our soldiers and sailors with good things to read, and only a comparatively few respond, the others allowing the request to slip through their consciences with the nonchalance of sand through an hourglass.

We can't all of us kill Hitler. Somebody has to make the insignificant sacrifices. And yet a feeling of frustration seems to be settling uneasily over the country. Millions of Americans want to help and keep groping about for something to do—something really big and dramatic, that is, because there are plenty of other folks who can take care of the trifles.

When are we going to wake up to the fact that there are no trifles in this war? When are we going to see this war for what it is—a clash where every energy of every person is put to the test. The phrase "total war" has long since ceased being a loose figure of speech. If we do not recognize this, let us remember that the other side does; and war is one game where the rules are never determined by the side that thinks there are limitations to warfare.

The shameful record of contributions to the Victory Book Campaign thus far is perhaps directly traceable to this retarding "I-want-to-do-something-dramatic" psychology. But the campaign is still on. Run, do not walk, to your nearest bookshelf. Don't reach for the items you intend to discard anyway. Reach for the good books. Yes; the best books you can find—books you have enjoyed so much that you hate to give them away. This is no rubbish heap we are sending to the front. The men want books they can *read*, books they can enjoy, books that can tell them things without being stuffy, books that can help a fellow to advance in the Army or the Navy. Mostly, though, it makes little difference which classification the books are in, as long as you are certain they will be read—and this holds true regardless of their cost, color, or previous condition of servitude. But don't send namby-pamby, watered-down books in the thought you are elevating the reading tastes of the armed forces. If you read Hemingway, Farrell, Dos Passos, and Steinbeck and don't suffer any ill effects, you can be pretty sure that your fellow adults in the services won't either.

The Saturday Review numbers approximately 35,000 readers. If each reader will donate but two books a month, the total for the year will go well over three-quarters of a million copies. Postage for books is one of the biggest bargains in America: a three-cents stamp is enough to cover the average-sized volume. We have talked of the readers of the *Review* as a family. All right, let's see how much of a family we really do make. Address books to the Victory Book Campaign, Saturday Review Family, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

One last word. If there is any question over any book, put it to this test: any book you really want to keep is a good one to give.

N. C.

The Salesgirl

By Joseph Joel Keith

THE salesgirl, somehow the eternal miracle
in neat black and fresh white collar, places
ten cents of her forty in the box as a beautiful
and dull world homeward races.

And, still all wonder, she leaves the greedy car,
dancing away from a faster one;
and old eyes envy her and follow far

Her heart is lifted, seeing the postman's greeting,
but the letter from home soon darkens the rhymes
of a warmer heart, resuming its normal beating
in an old world of hard times.

And later a hand will suddenly open doors,
and a landlady with a leaning ear,
suspecting always she might be harboring whores,
will cherish a smaller fear:

stockings and dainty silk things in her water:
"The rules, my dear!" She'll pray. She'll weep.
She'll hope for what tomorrow's never brought her,
and, somehow, fall asleep.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Puzzled Author

SIR:—I am deeply appreciative of the very cordial review of "Dragon's Teeth" by Mr. Richard R. Plant. Not in any captious spirit, but in a coöperative one, let me tell Mr. Plant that he is mistaken in his statement that "the author of 'Oil' and '100%' has become deeply engrossed in the supernatural." I have never had any interest in the supernatural, or belief in the possibility of such a thing; but I believe that there is a great deal of the natural concerning which we are uninformed. My wife and I have patiently and faithfully carried out many experiments to find out the meaning and the *modus operandi* of the phenomena called telepathy and clairvoyance and have reported these experiments in a carefully written volume called "Mental Radio."

The "descriptions of the spiritualistic world" have seemed to me just as much a part of the life of Europe, Britain, and America as any of the other events which I have described in "Dragon's Teeth." Millions of people in the years 1930-34 believed in spirits, and employed mediums, and got the same sort of results as did some of the characters in "Dragon's Teeth." There were others who said it was all foolishness, and these, too, are represented in the book. The hero of the book is one who is interested but puzzled, and unable to make up his mind what it all means; and it happens that this is the attitude which the author of "Dragon's Teeth" takes toward these matters. The episodes which Lanny Budd witnessed correspond as exactly as I could contrive them to incidents which I myself have personally witnessed and for which I do not know the explanation.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

Can Anyone Tell?

SIR:—Ever since its beginning, the magazine by Miss Monroe of Chicago known as *Poetry* has carried this statement ascribed to Walt Whitman: "To Have Great Poets/There Must Be Great Audiences Too." It usually appears on the back outside coverpage, and I am sure it has caused considerable wonder and question among people, as to whether or not Whitman meant that large *audiences* were expected before great Poetry could be produced—or if he meant that the great poet was produced, spontaneously, out of the fermenting expectation of a "great audience." (Something like the master pianist, who appears before an electrified audience, to play unexpected improvisations on some suggested theme, for instance.)

One of the best ways I've found for learning what our honored cultural forefathers meant by what they wrote, or said, is to get the connections of the abbreviated slogans, with the entire context from which they are shelled out, like wheat sometimes. So, with this thought, I searched my—not inconsiderable collection of Whitman material—including about two hundred or so "items"—some of his works in various editions—trying to locate that quotation. I didn't locate it anywhere. Then I wrote the Editor of Poetry, and he answered me yesterday to say neither he, nor anyone in the Chicago office had any idea where Miss Monroe had found the lines. He concluded his letter with asking me a question—"maybe it was in some of Whitman's letters, he used the lines?"

So, I wonder if you would publish *Poetry,* and he answered me yesterday this letter—and ask any reader of Walt Whitman to write me if the source of that supposed quotation is known? Sometimes one constant source of employment of "unemployed" people interested in books, and "literary" matters is relating the actual source material from our cultural past, to the odd way it often is being used, by those who for various reasons, abbreviate, extrapolate, or interpret or misinterpret from the classics! It is an interesting task, too.

JOHN G. MOORE.

Hollywood, Calif.

"Now take me—I didn't know a trench from a hole in the ground."

When Homer Nods

SIR:—When a reviewer of the stature of Howard Mumford Jones is guilty of a memoric lapse, the Homeric simile may not be inappropriate. In his review of Struthers Burt's Philadelphia story, "Along These Streets," in the *SRL* of January 24, he asserts that "S. Weir Mitchell was the last novelist to 'do' Philadelphia . . . and his successors were content with the Pennsylvania Dutch, patches of suburban elegance à la Hergesheimer, or the glossy splendors of *The Saturday Evening Post.*"

This may be only another indication of the truth of the statement that nothing is so rapid as the oblivion which overtakes so many of our "best sellers." Did not our own Christopher Morley "do" Philadelphia in his almost recent "Kitty Foyle"? Not to mention a number of other novels whose heroes and heroines have sauntered along the streets of the Quaker City from time to time.

FELIX N. GERSON.

Information, Please

SIR:—As a member of an Otterbein College Alumni committee, I am attempting to gather data on Benjamin Hanby, author of "My Darling Nellie Gray," in connection with an anniversary observance to be held next March.

If any *Saturday Review* readers can give me information concerning magazine articles or other material on Hanby, I shall be grateful.

VERDA EVANS

Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

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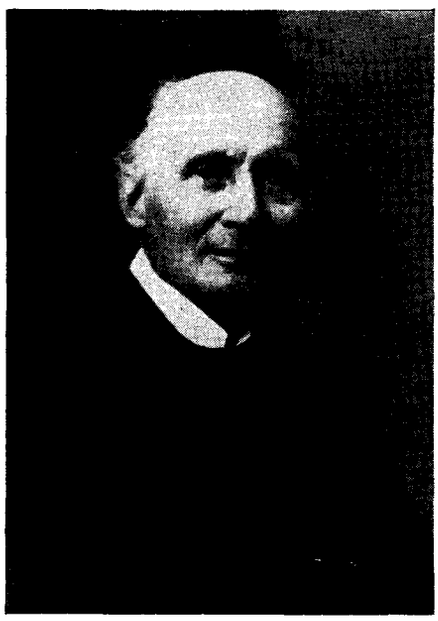
Adventure in Ideas

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. Edited by Paul Arthur Schlipp. Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University. 1941. 745 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

AN aura of sanctity seems to hover around the figure of a great living philosopher, and it is only with reluctance that other philosophers dare to question his fundamental assumptions and to criticize the general structure of his thought. The present volume constitutes the third in a magnificent series, the Library of Living Philosophers, which has overcome



Alfred North Whitehead

this reluctance and which contravenes what F. C. S. Schiller called "the curious etiquette which apparently taboos the asking of questions about a philosopher's meaning while he is alive." This time the contributors devote their attention to the universally respected Whitehead and his "knightly adventure of ideas." They include Victor Lowe, Willard V. Quine, F. S. C. Northrop, E. B. McGilvary, Joseph Needham, Percy Hughes, W. M. Urban, A. D. Ritchie, A. E. Murphy, William Ernest Hocking, Roy Wood Sellars, John Goheen, Bertram Morris, J. S. Bixler, Charles Hartshorne, Paul A. Schilpp, Henry W. Holmes, and John Dewey. Whitehead himself supplies a few very modest autobiographical remarks and two hitherto unpublished lectures entitled "Mathematics and the Good," and "Immortality." Finally, there is a bibliography of Whitehead's writings from 1879 to 1941.

Although a few of the essays are not unjustifiably tinged with hero-worship, especially those of the younger men who have been students of Whitehead, many are frankly and profoundly critical. They treat of such subjects as Whitehead's philosophy of mathematics and science, his philosophy of language, his views on mind and nature, his philosophy of organism, his theory of value, and his philosophy of esthetics, religion, and education. No review as short as this can even mention the titles of many of the essays and still less do justice to their contents. Most of them are technical and deal with Whitehead's divergence from Einstein on the theory of relativity, his lifelong antagonism to the "bifurcation of nature," and the difficult concepts of organism, prehension, concretion, process, ingression, and others which play prominent roles in his metaphysical theory.

The book makes no attempt to serve as an introduction to Whitehead's philosophy, but rather presumes a knowledge of it for critical purposes. The essay by Victor Lowe, however, deserves special commendation for describing the development of Whitehead's thought. The kindly Dewey handles brilliantly and constructively what he believes to be the central aspect of Whitehead's philosophic enterprise. Other contributors whose articles perhaps stand out from the others as being of particular interest are Northrop, McGilvary, Urban, Ritchie, Murphy, Hocking, Sellars, and Holmes. One misses a critical contribution from Bertrand Russell, who collaborated with Whitehead on the monumental "Principia Mathematica." The customary "philosopher's reply to his critics" is also missing due to unfortunate and unavoidable circumstances. In general, however, the volume compares favorably with its predecessors, on Dewey and Santayana, and maintains the high level of philosophic writing which has come to characterize this Library.

Skeletons-in-our-Closet Dep't

When we consider the intricate mobilization arrangements of a modern "horde army," with all its interlocking cogs, we should be able to realize the ease with which it can be thrown out of gear—before it has begun to move. Even if we allow for the customary misuse of any new weapon, and also make a heavy discount for the claims made for the accuracy of bombing, it remains difficult to see how an army of one or two million men on foot could get under way and make a time-table advance like that of the Germans in 1914.—*From an article by Liddell Hart in the* Saturday Review of Literature, *Jan.* 6, 1934.

Poetic Testimony

POETRY AS A MEANS OF GRACE. By Charles Grosvenor Osgood. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1941. 131 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SURELY it is not often that the best review of a book is its own paper jacket. A beautiful umber aquatone photograph shows four fine old sacred calves: Spenser, Dante, Milton, Johnson, and with them an alluring volume called suggestively, "Your Poet." So, by a stroke of tact and fancy the jacket suggests the whole story. It is this, that the best means of grace and hope of salvation for any sky-minded reader is to find one great companion in letters and with him dig deep and travel far.

Mr. Osgood dedicates his book to that well-loved paramour of print, the late Caliph A. Edward Newton. It is a happy choice and an assurance of the human touch of these advisory essays. They were given as a series of colloquials at the Princeton Theological Seminary; to these young men in their hopeful-desperate plight, Mr. Osgood gave the sagest counsel. His introductory talk is of the happiness of devoted study of any one great personality; he follows by suggesting four of his own lifelong heroes (listed above) as vita-

Charles Grosvenor Osgood

min and viaticum. His testimony is shrewd and moving. I wish I were about to have a twenty-first birthday for which someone would give me this book as passport toward maturity. Mr. Osgood writes with the double power of scholarship and spirit; one means spirit in the religious sense and (how rare this is) the book is exact to its title.

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Reach for an Adjective

RAYMOND T. BOND

AMONG the offices of a score of New York publishers there moves a gentle-mannered, soft-spoken man who, for the last decade or longer, has exerted a positive and invariable influence on book advertising. I have never known him to speak before a public body, but in private council his advice is often the final argument and point of decision. He has taught many of us who write book advertising the best of whatever we know. It was from him that I learned that first principle of selling books by the printed word, the principle of never omitting the obvious.

I think of this whenever the old hue and cry are raised about adjectives in book advertising copy. "As to the adjective, when in doubt, strike it out" —so wrote Mark Twain in "Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar," a generation ago. The present-day critic of book copy is never in doubt. He hates the adjective as he does hell-pains. For him, it is the aversion of all aversions. There is none that doeth good, no, not one. He would have all his advertising copy travel the plain highway of talk, as simple as a nun's prayer. So virile has this no-adjective propaganda grown that publishers themselves have been known to take advantage of it by issuing full-page advertising in which the offending part of speech is proscribed in the headlines and plucked out from the bosom of the text—this being done in that spirit of humbleness that foresees exaltation. To be sure, one publisher who displayed such an adjective-less page, hoping to be ingratiated by his connivance with this modern grudge, did show recently another sizeable piece of copy in which the adjectives fell, line after line, thicker than those famous leaves in Vallombrosa. But a professed contempt for the use of adjectives in book advertising is still a good policy, like taking a high moral attitude in politics.

Well, what about the adjective and its cousin the adverb? How necessary and effective are they in selling a book—or anything else? Let me reply by asking you to digress a moment and forget advertising. I want to interest you in something I was proud of this last summer—my garden. Suppose we visit it in retrospect together. I shall let you take in its beauty as we move along, only pointing here and there to something special and uncommon. Here, for instance in the western border, near the gate, are my double and super-double mixed nasturtiums. And just beyond them stand my giant ruffled petunias—camellias of soft, strawberry-pink with an elusive trace of pastel salmon. Notice the ground color in beautiful contrast to the rich bright rose veining which deepens in the throat to a shining, burnished crimson-maroon. And don't miss these new giant peony-flowered marigolds, Orange Supreme; very large they are, and perfectly double, the intense orange flowers borne on long, stiff stems —a wonderful display. See this bed, too, of famous zinnias—Giants of California, with their immense double flowers, graceful and desirable. Let me pick out for you the shades of these magnificent zinnias—Cerise Queen, that luminous cerise-rose shade; Enchantress, a truly enchanting light-and-dark rose—a most charming effect, as you see; Golden Queen, a delightful shade of lemon yellow; Grenadier, a rich, glowing dark red; Lavender Gem, turning to a warm purple, very artistic; Purity, most oustanding for its pure, white color and perfect finish, splendid alone and lovely with all colors.

Well, one might go on in that way for a long time, talking about one's garden in actual quotations from a seedsman's catalogue. How fondly we have all read these catalogues of a cold January night, imprisoned by whirling snows outside, picturing fair summer Edens of our own planting—as poor marooned Ben Gunn dreamed nightly of his toasted cheese. How often in those early months have you and I followed that lying blue-eyed Hope down imaginary garden paths where flowers grew in a munificence too dear for our possessing, as we found out when the summer was past.

Perhaps the hardiest flower in any such catalogue is the perennial dupe whose nose is always between its pages. But do we resent those lovely pictures the copy writer has set down? Do we buy less from the seedsman because his nasturtiums are double and super-double or all his petunias giant ruffled? I think not. Suppose, to the contrary, that these advertising men had pulled their verbal punches and hadn't painted a glowing picture, bright as some upper garden in a better world. Suppose they had neglected the obvious—that all their seeds were grand and all their flowers divinely tall and fair! Wouldn't such epicene language fall a little flat as we read that catalogue. Wouldn't we want our cerise and crimson-maroon adjectives back again! And if we came across another catalogue from a confident seedsman who gave us once again the fair, lost colors, would we not change our allegiance to him? I think we should want to. Yet the maligned writers of book copy are not to be compared with these lush cataloguers!

What is the trouble with adjectives, then, if their absence, even while we boast we dote on it, is so sharply felt? "Absence diminishes little passions," we are told in the French maxim, "and increases great ones, just as the wind blows out a candle and fans a fire." Is the repetition of the obvious which we say we condemn so heartily in advertising an appeal to something basic and undeniable in our natures? Have not all of us that grand passion of the maxim—to be told that the coffee we are drinking is an exquisite blend, that the hat which is shown us and which we view with some consternation is in the smartest fashion, that the proposed new car will bring us more quality, more beauty, more performance, more comfort than ever before—that it is, in short, the finest of all time? And do we not all of us experience a psychological let-down when the manufacturer fails to assure us that his product is supremely good! Aren't we likely to reason that if he isn't enthusiastic about his own works, perhaps we ought not be, either? And imperceptibly we drift over to another brand or style whose maker gives us that assurance we subtly demand. This is the assertion of the obvious that the advertising counsel taught me never to omit in writing copy—a faithful saying of his and worthy of all acceptation, except apparently, in book publishing. There it is a scarlet sin to call a book *delightful* (which some books are), *absorbing,* or *brilliant* (which is also true of certain books and authors), or simply *great* (which does happen, although rarely). Let a book publisher have recourse to an adjective and the tumult and shouting is on!

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Curiously, the stuff which the publishers sell, whether poetry or prose, has not fallen under this taboo. The poets, whose gift of conciseness is characteristic, have not hesitated to use the adjective for their best effects. Who but a poet would attempt to inclose the measureless waters of the sea in a single short line—and succeed? Where is there a simpler, more unforgettable phrase than Matthew Arnold's

"Unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea"

the whole sense and meaning of which are held in three adjectives?

Or take the matchless phrase of John Keats which might have come from the label of some jar of ambrosia, seen in a copy writer's dream of Paradise

And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon.

Again it is the adjectives which give distinction to one of the most beautifully sensuous lines in poetry.

A decade or longer ago, one of the newspapers in New York was interested in the selection of what was to be called the greatest line in poetry. Their readers were urged to nominate candidates for this distinction and did so in quantity. The winning line was unusual and reflected a nice perception in those who submitted it. With it, Rossetti rounded out one of his "House of Life" sonnets:

O love, my love! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

Here a single adjective makes a most memorable line. It is a line for the no-adjective cult to avoid.

There is a paragraph in "Henry Esmond" which etches itself on the mind of whoever has once read it. Esmond has just returned to Walcote and sees Beatrice descending the stairs:

Esmond had left a child and found a woman grown beyond the common height; and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. . . . She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark: hair curling with rich undulations and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks which were a bright red and her lips which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, as so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest, low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

Here, if ever, is effective sales copy—a novelist selling his heroine to the reader—and doing it finally with a succession of strong adjectives. You can still see Beatrice, of course, if you blot out the descriptive epithets and read the paragraph with these omissions, but you will see her as a printer sees a proof of a multi-color set of plates—with one or more of the plates not included on the proof. The form and detail will be there but not the vitality. Life will be missing.

So much for the adjective in poetry and prose. Why, then, is it taboo in publishers' advertising copy? Perhaps for two reasons. As a general observation, I believe adjectives are used monotonously—without the variety which other parts of speech—or even phrases and clauses—may add. Specific verbs lend action, for instance, and action is generally a concomitant of life itself. But the publisher's copy writer who hasn't the space at disposal for anything but the most succinct copy realizes that brevity demands the adjective as often as possible. One may write of a "sparkling book" or a "book that sparkles"; the advertising man who is cutting his copy to fit his agate lines knows that there are four letter-spaces additional in the clause form over the adjective. The economy factor summarizes much of the difficulty in book advertising. One has a five-hundred page novel, compounded of a score of characters, their conflicting emotions, a varied background, and a series of actions, all to be sold to a prospective reader—and sometimes the space available for this verbal feat is the size of the envelope into which a telegram is folded. If you have read "The Tree of Liberty," "Captain Paul," or any of the recent, many-paged historical novels, try giving a friend an enthusiastic description of one of them in fifty words or fewer. You'll find adjectives of great help. And when you have finished this, try the much harder job of doing the same service in behalf of some shorter but more subtle and evocative book. You'll appreciate the economy of the adjective.

Even more serious a fault than the monotonous use of adjectives only is tired copy—stale repetition of the same dozen adjectives. "Frequent use breeds contempt," wrote Thomas Aquinas, and every rebel against dull copy is a Thomist to that degree. As we read the advertising pages of our book sections, too many of our novels are blurbed as *exciting, interesting, thrilling, charming;* one could name a dozen or more of these old offenders. It is not adjectives that should draw our fire, but weary, threadbare adjectives. You remember Heywood Broun's nocturnal visit to the dormitory where the adjectives lived—"There was no smile," he wrote, "on the face of the sleeper in the next bed or any sign of life save the slightly wheezy breathing of one worn to exhaustion by protracted and constant toil. And he has earned his rest, for this is *Intriguing.* The bed of *Charming* has been placed apart in an alcove—for she snores a little. And to the right we find a poor fellow whose cot is within easy distance of the brass pole which descends through an aperture to the street level. His trousers are tucked inside his boots and he has retired without removing his socks. This is *Thrilling.*" Broun was writing about drama criticism but he was hitting at book copy, too. He was asking for newness and originality and he was on the right track. With Brounian compassion he was pleading for the over-worked—the threadbare, worn out, trite, and hackneyed adjectives, without novelty or interest. He was urging fresh woods and pastures new on the copy writer. Therein lies the answer to tired copy and to the no-adjectives fetish.

When the Lord finished each day of Creation, we are told that he paused to survey what had been wrought thus far. And then came that sublime epitome of what to all of us must be, in our best moments at least, the obvious. God saw that it was *good.* He encompassed all Creation in a single word, and that word was an adjective.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Reginald Bunthorne, in "Patience," by W. S. Gilbert.
2. Orlando, in "As You Like It," by Shakespeare.
3. Petit the Poet, in "Spoon River Anthology," by Edgar Lee Masters.
4. Sir Benjamin Backbite, in "A School for Scandal," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
5. Azalea Adair Caswell, in "A Municipal Report," by O. Henry.
6. Willie Baxter, in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington.
7. Eugene Marchbanks, in "Candida," by George Bernard Shaw.
8. Mrs. Leo Hunter, in "Pickwick Papers," by Charles Dickens.
9. Emmeline Grangerford, in "Huckleberry Finn," by Mark Twain.
10. archy, in "archy and mehitabel," by Don Marquis.

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WHAT'S WHAT WITH "WHO'S WHO"

(*Continued from page 4*)

runs to some 3,000,000 words, which is four times the length of the Bible. Although it receives three separate proof readings, a few mistakes always pass undetected. Volume 20 declared that J. P. Morgan's sister Anne had "died Aug. 25, 1936." When reporters informed her, her comment was "I am not dead and I am not prepared to die." She had been confused with Anna Morgan, a school teacher, also listed in "Who's Who," who had died on that date. The same volume surprised Dr. Thomas Mann by giving him the middle name of Schriftst. It developed that when he filled out "Who's Who's" form, he left an insignificant space between "Mann, Thomas" and his profession, and the proof readers did not realize that "Schriftst" was the abbreviation of Schriftsteller, which is German for *author*.

"Who's Who's" most spectacular mistake, however, was not one of proof reading but of credulity. The editors accepted at face value the utterly fictitious autobiography of "F. Donald Coster," president of the McKesson & Robbins Drug Co. Since "Who's Who" automatically lists the heads of corporations whose shares are traded on the New York Stock Exchange, "Coster" received the usual blank. His real name was Philip Musica, and although he claimed a Ph. D. from Heidelberg, his only alma mater proved to be the Elmira Reformatory.

The cachet of his inclusion may not have been instrumental in lulling his associates into letting him loot the company at his leisure, but when he was exposed, in 1939, "Who's Who" was widely censured for countenancing the imposture. The editors were aghast. This was the first occurrence of its kind in 77,000 listings and forty years of publication. Their defense was an admission that it was impossible to check, in each sketch, such minute details as academic degrees, and a plea that "if the New York banks, Dun & Bradstreet, and the United States Government were deceived, we are excusable." Later, they circularized fifty newspapers for an opinion. Only one condemned them. Others observed that "Who's Who" could take comfort by construing the affair as positive proof of the public confidence it enjoyed.

Musica carried his imposture literally to the grave. The plate on his coffin reads "F. Donald Coster."

When the subject of a sketch dies, his name usually appears in the next volume with a bare reference to the

THEY CAN HANDLE THE TOUGH JOBS

The men and women in the Bell System are used to meeting emergencies and they are trained and equipped to carry on in times of special need. For years they have known the test of fire, flood and storm. That experience stands in good stead in this greatest emergency of our time. The Nation is counting on telephone workers to prove faithful to the task and they will not fail. Always before them is the tradition that the message must go through.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM . . . SERVICE TO THE NATION IN PEACE AND WAR

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volume in which his sketch was last printed. "Coster's" name was stricken out entirely. How many others have been dropped for criminal reasons the editors do not like to say, but Volume 22 refers you to Volume 15 for information about Albert B. Fall, former Secretary of the Interior, and to Volume 19 for information about Richard Whitney, former president of the New York Stock Exchange. Waned celebrity is another disqualification. A congressman who failed of re-election and returned to running a filling station thereby lost his listing. Marie Dressler was dropped in 1925 but restored in 1932, when she made her come-back.

Musica's falsified sketch was unique in its venal intentions, as far as the editors know, but they are well aware that their pages are freely sprinkled with milder deceptions. Most of these are attempts to retard the fleeting years. An actress is perhaps entitled to minimize her age, or even conceal it altogether, but it is strange to find that Andrew Mellon was sensitive on the same point. His sketch first appeared in Volume 10. The editors prepared it themselves and, on solid authority, gave the year of his birth as 1852. Mr. Mellon let the date stand in Volume 11, but advanced it to 1854 in Volume 12. In Volume 15, he advanced it again, to 1855, where it remained until his death.

The elder of two brothers, both of whom appear in "Who's Who," gradually encroached on the younger's birth-date until the younger protested that the editors were "sanctioning a biological impossibility." On the other hand, it is not unusual for a man to understate his actual age when his sketch is first requested, and years later, proud of his vigor, to make the correction.

When Shirley Temple was playing little girl roles, the studio wanted to keep her a little girl as long as possible, so Mrs. Temple reluctantly agreed to lop a year off her daughter's age. Shirley herself didn't know the truth until, on the morning of her last birthday, Mrs. Temple said to her, "You're not really twelve today, you're thirteen." Volume 22 will bring Shirley up to date.

A strange and appealing deception is that of a well known writer. Customarily, when the subject of a sketch is a widower, he lists his late wife's name, followed by the note: (*dec.*). This particular writer's wife died several years ago, but because of his convictions about immortality, the note is omitted at his special request.

Although "Who's Who's" original purpose was mass-biography of prominent men and women, it has assumed a number of ancillary functions. It is a roll of honor. It is a national address-book. It is a gilt-edged mailing list. It is even the basis of a game. One of Herbert Hoover's recreations is to challenge his friends to guess the age for any name picked on a random page. But more important than these is its service to sociology. A new volume is hardly dry from the presses before it is being sifted and analyzed by sociologists, editorial writers, and the public. Many of the findings vary from year to year, but here are some which have a certain curiosity-value, though not all of them are warranted to be still valid:

The proportion of entries to total population remains fairly steady at 1 in 4,300.

Roughly 8.5 per cent are foreign-born.

Only about 6.6 per cent are women.

Widowers who marry again wait an average of two and a half years. Businessmen and lawyers are slower to remarry than the average; scientists and clergymen are quicker.

According to one questionnaire sent to inhabitants of "Who's Who," seventy-one per cent of bankers believe in immortality; but only forty per cent of writers. Sixty-four per cent of bankers believe in "a God to whom one may pray in expectation of receiving an answer"; but only thirty-two per cent of writers.

Over a decade ago, your best chance of making "Who's Who" was to be born in a New England suburb, the son of a Protestant clergyman, and to attend Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. These three universities graduated seventeen per cent of all the college men listed at that time.

One final function of "Who's Who's" is worth mentioning because it is rarely appreciated. The book rewards purely idle reading. Connoisseurs of its pages still recall their astonishment when they first encountered the sketch of Heber J. Grant, and learned that he had married Augusta Winters on May 26, and Emily Wells on May 27, 1884. The explanation was postponed for nine lines: Mr. Grant was a Mormon.

Some of the sketches might be synopses of best-selling novels. If you doubt it, look under the name of Frederick Russell Burnham and you will find the skeleton of adventures as thrilling as any conceived by Rider Haggard. Consider this extract:

> Discovered in the granite ruins of an ancient civilization of Rhodesia a buried treasure of gold and gold ornaments dating before Christian era; in 2d Matabele War was commd. to capture or kill the Matabele God Umlimo and succeeded in entering his cave in the Matopa Mts. and killing him; operated gold mines in Klondike and Alaska; was sent for by Lord Roberts for service in the Boer War and was made chief of scouts of the British army; wounded while destroying enemy's ry. base and invalided home; was presented with large sum of money and received personal letter of thanks from Lord Roberts; was comd. to dine with Queen Victoria, and was created mem. Distinguished Service Order by King Edward, who also presented him with S. African medal with 5 bars.

Mr. Burnham, aged eighty, now lives in Los Angeles, and doubtless still chafes at the bit.

The Committee on Award to Southern Authors has bestowed its annual prize of a hundred dollars on Ellen Glasgow for her novel, "In This Our Life," published during the past year. The award is made on the occasion of an annual luncheon to honor Southern authors of the previous year. In addition to bestowing the prize on Miss Glasgow, the committee, consisting of Stella S. Center, Blanche Colton Williams, Vernon Loggins, and Burton Rascoe, gave honorable mention to:

Clark McMeekin, "Reckon with the River"; Andrew Lytle, "At the Moon's Inn"; Stanley F. Horn, "The Army of Tennessee"; George Fort Milton, "Conflict"; Jonathan Daniels, "Tar Heels"; Eudora Welty, "Curtain of Green"; Idwal Jones, "Black Bayou"; Eloise Liddon, "Some Lose Their Way"; Blair Niles, "East By Day"; Edwin Lanham, "Thunder in the Earth"; Homer Croy, "Mr. Meek Marches On"; Thomas Wolfe, "The Hills Beyond"; E. P. O'Donnell, "The Great Big Doorstep"; Wm. Alexander Percy, "Lanterns on the Levee"; J. Frank Dobie, "The Longhorns"; Minnie Hite Moody, "Long Meadows"; John Gould Fletcher, "South Star"; David Morton, "Angle of Earth and Sky"; Harnett T. Kane, "Louisiana Hayride"; H. C. Nixon, "Possum Trot"; Elizabeth Maddox Roberts, "Not By Strange Gods"; Archibald Rutledge, "Home By the River"; Josephus Daniels, "Editor in Politics"; Daniel C. Roper, "Fifty Years of Public Life."

★ ★

Margaret Kennedy's War Journal

WHERE STANDS A WINGED SENTRY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE: "Of great significance."

CLIFTON FADIMAN: "As a record . . . it is priceless."

Fifth Printing • $2.00

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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 410)

CHESTERTON:

A DEFENSE OF SLANG

The Americans have an expression "swelled head" as a description of self-approval. . . . An American said that after the Chinese War the Japanese wanted "to put on their hats with a shoehorn." This is a monument of the true* nature of slang.

*Metaphorical

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Margaret Fuller Fictionalized

THE LIFE OF MARGARET FULLER. By Madeleine B. Stern. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1942. 491 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER

MARGARET FULLER is one of the most colorful figures in American literary history, endowed with a quality of eternal aliveness. This book about her takes full advantage of its opportunities. It is interesting and very readable. Its publishers emphasize that it is "in the Van Wyck Brooks tradition," but to this reviewer it seems to go many steps farther along the road than Van Wyck Brooks himself has chosen to venture.

In fact, with others of its kind, it is on its way up a broad bypath. For Miss Stern's "The Life of Margaret Fuller" is two things at once: on the one hand it is painstaking biography founded on long and faithful searching through every available scrap of evidence, on the other it is historical fiction shaped by a lively knack for drama and based on biographical details and an enormous consumption of background material.

A little meditation may lead one to reflect that such a marriage of two types is not a guarantee of compatibility. Indeed, such a situation may well make the term "biographical" hardly valid if that word is thought of as descriptive of the type which traces the direct line of its ancestry back to James Boswell and "The Life of Samuel Johnson," where every act and conversation takes place in its historically accurate point of time and space. Such biography is the kinsman of history, but a book of the sort under consideration, no matter how interesting, is a hybrid—a circumstance which casts some doubt on its legitimacy as a member of the genuine historical family. It represents a current form of writing often very well done and therefore well received by the public.

The one regrettable offshoot of this situation is that confused thinking as to the nature of biography results, confusion often aided and abetted by the inferences of the authors themselves in their prefaces. It is not true biography to construct some preliminary episode, as is done in this book, for the purpose of furnishing motivation for a peculiar biographical fact that needs explaining. The hypothesis explaining the fact is very possibly correct, but it nevertheless remains a hypothesis. Nor is it biography to put into the mouths of actual persons conversations invented to sprinkle the pepper and salt of realistic historical detail into the pages. In other words, a highly developed fictional technique is pretty apt to interfere with the writing of biography—something of a shame, from one point of view, when, as in this book, the research has been so completely done.

But such reservations have little to do with immediate readability. In music, the purist may object to the use a skilful conductor makes of a composer's score, yet the great majority of listeners may thoroughly enjoy the performance and are willing to accept the interpretation as they find it. It is important, however, for the listeners to be aware of what is going on.

As a lively reinterpretation, as a full and fascinating panorama of the times, Miss Stern's book is head and shoulders above other recent lives of Margaret Fuller.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MESSAGE OF THE MUTE DOG *Charlotte Murray Russell* (Crime Club: $2.)	Double murder in midwest machine shop puzzles police chief Hammond but Miss Jane Edwards comes to rescue.	Dauntless Miss Jane, who takes liberties that infuriate professionals, breezes beautifully through slightly improbable but effervescent tale.	Exuberant
FEAR AND MISS BETONY *Dorothy Bowers* (Crime Club: $2.)	Arsenic and other poisons wreak havoc in odd British combination of nursing home and school. Spinster guest assists Scotland Yarder Pardoe.	Resolute old lady, guessing that her own number is up next, handles ticklish job calmly and thwarts cold-blooded pair.	Good
FAREWELL, PRETTY LADIES *Chris Massie* (Random House: $2.)	Beautiful red-head, clothes-horse for strangely artistic Britisher, garroted with own tresses. He hangs—and another girl probes case.	Morbidly horrific and entirely engrossing adventure in abnormality and its fatal consequences. Herr Krafft-Ebing would have loved it.	Exotic
THE WIDENING STAIN *W. Bolingbroke Johnson* (A. A. Knopf: $2.)	Slayer with strange motive extinguishes girl French teacher and elderly classicist in college library. Bright girl traps killer.	Blithe, erudite, satirical, and shivery yarn of intrigues and worse in educational circles, with criminal well-hidden until hair-raising and -rousing finish.	Full marks
THEY TELL NO TALES *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.)	Inexplicable "accidents" and fatalities at Portsmouth dockyard and on high seas engage attention of British military-intelligence ace Hambleton.	Hero of "A Toast to Tomorrow," etc., returns in speedy, well-characterized, and supercharged tale of German spies and sabotage.	First class

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THE MEDICAL JOURNAL PRESS
343 E. 50th St. New York, N. Y.

Detailed Table of Contents on request.

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Toward a Better Understanding

U. S. A. By D. W. Brogan. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 144 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THOUGH this work comes from the Oxford University Press, it is physically much unlike the handsome volumes which used to issue thence in more delicate days. One glance at it is enough to indicate that England feels a paper shortage already greater than our pessimists anticipate this side of the sea. But the reader in the ancient phrase may be assured that there is no shortage with respect to ideas. And they are ideas that can hardly fail to interest Americans, for they are to our address. Few brief books contain more highly relevant information, and though one may contest a hundred points with the writer, Professor D. W. Brogan of Cambridge, a first-chop mind, is everywhere apparent in the 13 pages of the text of this tiny volume, "U. S. A."

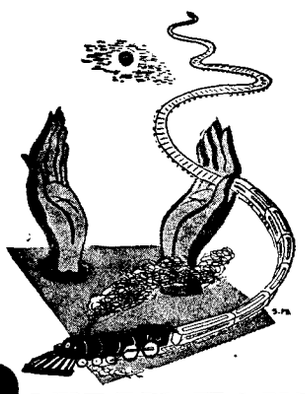
All Americans who like their country, and most of us do, must from time to time have considered with interest or irritation the long series of commentaries, studies, and mere impressions that for a century and a half have been let loose at us out of the British Empire. Writing books about us has been practically epidemic, and few of the authors appear to have had aunts like Matthew Arnold's, who is reported to have asked the pertinent question: "Well Matthew, and what did they think of you in America?" There is no end to the list of the able, the inept, and the middling, and the attitudes range all the way from besotted generally whiggish enthusiasm to frank and frequently tory antipathy. Balanced performances are rare as in other controversial connections. And the present writer considers it unfortunate for both nations that at least two of the most remarkable English authors developed vehement prejudices against us. Dickens manhandled us in one generation and Kipling in another, though it is pleasant to keep in mind that stout old Sidney Smith defended us from our visitors with as much acerbity as his sweet nature could muster and with more wit than any one else could manage, not forgetting to "jump down the throat of the first of the boosters in regular Western Ocean fashion."

It is further remembered that Thackeray, when asked for his views on the denigrations of Charles Dickens, replied that nothing would induce him to say anything disagreeable about people who gave him such good Burgundy. But the hostile or unfavorable comment was sufficient in quantity, and sometimes in quality, to overshadow the works of the friendly or the evenhanded like Sir G. O. Trevelyan and Lord Bruce who treated us with the generosity which great nations expect—and not infrequently need. And the writer for one believes that a few verses of Kipling in his bilious mood did a lot more to hinder the development of understanding between the Republic and the Empire than Dr. Goebbels has so far been able to manage.

Professor Brogan is an exception among the run-of-the-mine Professors of Government who are apt for the most part to remind us of celibate priests lecturing on Sex Hygiene. Their books in general have more than their share of the grayness which Goethe found in all theory. Nothing is duller than a thoroughpaced account of the development of institutions. But Professor Brogan is not a bird of that feather. Few books are more concrete or illustrate the general more brightly by cleaving to the particular. He is, of course, writing for the intelligent man in the English street and he knows a lot about matters of concern to Piccadilly and the Old Kent Road. Surprisingly, he also knows a startling number of things which concern Broadway, Pennsylvania Avenue, and, last but not least, Main Street. It is perhaps this knowledge which makes him so modest, for he disclaims any intention of attempting a stream-lined "American Commonwealth," model of 1942. But even in the brief sketch under consideration there is plenty of evidence that Professor Brogan is fully capable of a work of the first order, even if his present purpose is merely to tell the average Englishman as rapidly as possible what makes us tick. He asks a lot of difficult questions and answers them to the best of his singularly good ability. And convinced or not, you are apt to agree that he makes a successful and entertaining stab at explaining what we are like and how we got that way.

The writer, at least, found something to mull over in almost every sentence. Professor Brogan may like us, for aught I know, but that, thank God! isn't the point with him. "His object is objectivity," as far as it is humanly possible to obtain it in a human problem. And it is a relief to get hold of a book in which our peculiarities are viewed as facts and not as unpardonable eccentricities with respect to important subjects, on which we have the misfortune to differ from civilized man—if such there be. For instance, Professor Brogan, like other sensible observers American and foreign, has noticed the anomaly that the State of Nevada with eighty thousand inhabitants can in the senate neutralize the vote of New York with twelve million citizens, but he doesn't make this fact the occasion of a sharp sermon to the politically immature, including a reading of the Riot Act and a prophecy of inevitable decay. Instead he enumerates some consequences to be expected, but in doing so also makes it clear that such variations from the democratic type are problems of great complexity and interest, concerning which hasty judgments are bound to lead to some confusion. I wish thousands of Americans may read his brief analysis of our labor mare's-nest, in which the forces involved are segregated and examined without too much attention to tremulous or blustering personalities at the heads of the factions. It is amusing to note that the ink was hardly dry on the paper before Professor Brogan's modest and tentative conclusions began to glow as the current of fulfillment heated the filaments of prophecy.

But for all the truth and vigorous interest of the little work, the really exciting thing about it is not scientific and dispassionate judgment, or brilliant aperçu, or even the by no means negligible humor. Rather it is the fact



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that everything about the book is evidence and embodiment of an attitude, which if not new is at any rate unfamiliar. It shows on every page that England at last has grown reconciled to the notion that we are not so much the home of movie stars, gunmen, and mass production as a very large country with people in it—lots of very various people. The frivolous chauvinist—and chauvinists are invariably frivolous—may at this point interject that this is indeed nice on the part of England.

But, the chauvinist and his experiments in the development of ill-feeling notwithstanding, there remains the fact that the English seem to have beaten us to it in getting over the sort of prejudice which looks at another nation with a malignant curiosity wholly divorced from any desire to know more. If they did have a tendency to regard us as rather unconvincing Natty Bumppos familiar with the wilderness or not very comic "Sam Slick's who said, 'Wa'al, stranger' and spat on the floor," they have made a good recovery. No doubt at one time, as our defenders have hinted, nothing pleased them better than a good unfavorable comparison in their favor between the manners of Cripple Creek and those of an English cathedral town. No doubt they liked to be told that we spat on the floor, though Sidney Smith had a reminiscent air when in defending us against the charge he observed that no true Englishman had spat on the floor since the Heptarchy.

But such matters engage their attention less and less. And they are no longer satisfied with the notion that we are all either romantic pioneers or coarse creatures with a tendency to dispose of wooden nutmegs at higher than the market price. Such an estimate didn't stand up very well, as Chesterton pointed out long ago when he plaintively inquired just what features of frontier existence were to be discovered in the work of Whistler and Henry James. Like other people on finding that they have been supplied with misleading data the English now want real information, and they are, as the phrase goes, in danger of getting some from Professor Brogan.

Not for a second do I believe that this change in the wind is due to expediency and the immediate compulsion of the war. As Mrs. McCormick has said the Empire and the Republic have tended to grow more alike the more they kept apart. But by and large the English have been the first to notice this. And they have had the somewhat cheerless experience of encountering a prejudice at least as inveterate as any they may have felt or expressed in the past after doing their best to get over their own. American complacency and insularity are made of highly durable materials even if today we can see them shatter around us as we see an electric light bulb shatter when the bullet crawls through it in a stroboscopic moving picture. The minds of many of us never observe our own hidden premise, in itself ridiculous, that the English are antidemocratic snobs.

Powerful influences no doubt assist the favorably situated in England as they do in this country, where, as some native cynic once pointed out, a special meaning has been invented for the word "Pull." But a good many of us still respond to what Owen Wister, who wasn't above a neat crack at the English himself, called the Ancient Grudge. I doubt extremely if it was Dr. Goebbels who spread the glad tidings that lease-lend funds were being used to throw parties in New York and Washington. He would have been happy to do so, of course, but the rumor has the sterling old American Anglophobe ring. And beyond any shadow of doubt a huge part of Isolationism was hatred of England and the English, rationalized into a theory that was quite unable to confront a condition. Even at this moment it is almost comic how the Americans love to read articles that exhibit the English in an absurd or unfavorable light.

Not all of us will feel like going all the way with Professor Brogan in spite of his fairmindedness. To use the patronizing cliché, he would not expect or desire us to do so. His study of the American party system is alas, too true. Our parties are founded on "sectionalism and sentiment" rather than on difference in doctrine. But he believes in a centralized control of some things to an extent that not every one of us can take sitting down. I'm not at all sure we need a ministry of education, as I gather he believes. A bureaucracy that could tell Dartmouth and the California Institute of Technology where they got off doesn't exactly stir the sleepy channels of our blood. One doesn't like to think of, Mr. Farley say, as Secretary of Fine Arts and Culture. But on a dozen topics which trouble or interest all thoughtful Americans Professor Brogan is dispassionately suggestive and frequently better than that. Our murky population problem with its coalescences and cleavages is brightly if lightly dealt with. His treatment of our literature, to him of high diagnostic importance, reminds us that the question was once asked: "Who reads an American book?" It is accordingly diverting when Professor Brogan answers so promptly and wholeheartedly like a great man before him: "Practically every one in England." And his judgments of figures like Steinbeck, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, not to mention T. S. Eliot, James Thurber, and Ogden Nash have real sympathy and high penetrating power. He doesn't altogether like our architecture, which is refreshing after certain transpontine dithyrambs. He finds our domestic buildings timid and at best inoffensive, whereas our more public constructions are Gilbert and Sullivan, meaning Cass Gilbert and Louis Sullivan. In another connection he can tell you why the Catholic Church is strangely on the side of small minorities in America which it would violently oppose anywhere else. In short, as I hope I have demonstrated, he gives us a going-over worth a man's while.

Beyond that he makes us wish that there was a book as modest and instructive on contemporary Great Britain, a book for the man in the street by some one who knows a great deal about our streets; a book that should irradiate enigmatic custom and forms of thought in certain respects unfamiliar, which we are apt to mock without discernment; a book that should make plain why some things are as they are and some as they should not be; a book which should anatomize the spirit which never has whimpered though allies and armies collapsed, though London was in flames; in short a book that should tell us briefly and brightly what the British are like and how they got that way. If the American who undertakes this task, which will prove no cinch, approaches it with as much objectivity, wit, and sympathy as Professor Brogan, he will do us and the United Nations a service worth many tanks and aeroplanes.

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The New Books

Fiction

FALLING THROUGH SPACE. By Richard Hillary. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

One more member of the RAF has decided to tell the public how it feels to be one of the few to whom so much is owed. He is a fairly typical specimen, an Oxford student ejected from the University boat because he did not take rowing seriously enough in the days "under the Munich umbrella." There is a little about the feelings of the lost generation and then a great deal about the feelings and daily life of pursuit pilot in the RAF, who is continually noting over the evening dinner table that some member of the squadron has not returned from mission.

Mr. Hillary is one of those who did not return from mission; he was shot down in flames somewhere over the North Sea and the cover on his cockpit stuck. That was the last thing he remembered till he found himself hitting the water with third degree burns (the plane had thrown him out at 10,000 and his parachute had opened while he was unconscious). The rest is a narrative of hospital and convalescence, including the tale of how they grew him a new face. Most of it has been told before and with a more subjective and personal approach, except for the one brief and very good chapter in which the conversion of a conscientious objector is related. Not too bad a specimen of the usual RAF literature but not too remarkable either.

F. P.

THE SWORD AND THE NET. By Warren Stuart. Morrow. 1941. 284 *pp.* $2.50.

The success of books like "Escape" and "Rogue Male" have inevitably tempted others to cash in on the appeal of their themes. Too often, however, the result has been what might be expected—more imitation than inspiration. Mr. Stuart hopefully tries to vary the formula by turning his Nazis against each other, but he fails to create either the excitement or the suspense of a first-rate spy story and man hunt because of his sparse style, his mechanical plot structure, and his violation of the first principle of any such chase—the chief character *must* be a sympathetic one. During half the book Mr. Stuart's beautiful young man carries on, unquestioning, the nefarious work of the saboteur to the greater glory of the Master Race. It would hardly be fair to divulge what happens in the other half, but one may hint, at least, that love proves mightier than the swastika. Can Mr. Stuart have heard of Hollywood?

B. J.

FLING OUT THE BANNER. By R. H. Newman. Lippincott. 1941. 256 *pp.* $2.

We are accustomed to harrowing tales of life at the English prep schools, where, according to an honored literary tradition, gentlemen are made the hard way, by whip and Coventry. But Mr. Newman has transplanted all of this to America, and the question takes on a new slant: is life at an American prep school as terrible as this? Here are two lads, Boss MacKenzie, a football hero and every other kind as well, and his pal, Paul Maine. They move through one of the upper forms of school in an atmosphere tense, tragic, psychologically maimed, physically brutal. Nothing is left out, from the student cruelty to the perverted instructor, with attempted suicide, unhappy love, and the complete destruction of Boss, thrown in. The only light moments are those devoted to the purely technical description of some football practice, and this is, incidentally, as good football writing as can be found anywhere. But all is gloom and despair. What of Petey Simmons of Siwash, the Tennessee Shad, Stover of Lawrenceville and Yale? (Are these still read?) They may or may not be literature, but we have the feeling there is truth in them. Mr. Newman expends a lot of tight and evocative writing upon what seems a grim travesty on American school life.

N. L. R.

THE BLOOD REMEMBERS. By Helen Hedrick. Knopf. 1941. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an intensely felt first novel about the Klamath River country of the California-Oregon border during its last frontier days. Against this background is set the sullen hatred between Indian and white, a hatred not simplified in terms of physical war but expressed through deep psychological stress. Dominating the novel is the character of Elden Bradford, the girl who gropingly tells her own story of life in this wilderness, and of her attempt to find something to which she can cling: first her husband, the salmon fisherman, then her child, and finally, the dark pagan pull of the Indians upon the whites. The plot itself is less effective than is the impassioned portrayal of the main character, and the dark, turbulent atmosphere in which she lives. Some of the lesser characters, even Elden's husband, never emerge as completely real people, but Elden Bradford, and the Indians who affect her, are completely alive and create a powerful, though occasionally overcharged novel. The constant pressure of illuminating the tortured central character sometimes leads to over-writing, and to odd effects in a strangely conventionalized style. Despite this sort of excessive straining, which comes just because Mrs. Hedrick is wrestling so sincerely with her subject, this is a moving novel, that holds out a hope for rich future work.

J. D. T.

If you want the true account of the Japanese in HAWAII, read

MAN IN PARADISE

by Walker Winslow

New York Times

"It may well be that while we are concerned with subversive groups in the United States, there is a menace in the Pacific Ocean of which we are not fully aware. The Hawaiian Islands are peopled with Americans from the States, with natives, with Chinese, with Japanese and with mixtures of all of these. According to Walker Winslow, author of the novel, MAN IN PARADISE, the melting pot in these tropical lands has not dissolved and assimilated all differences of background. While some of the Japanese are loyal to the government under which they prosper, there are a goodly number, he makes clear, who are preparing for 'the day' which will mark the beginning of Japan's domination of this part of the world. . . . The book reaches a certain distinction by virtue of its timeliness and the author's accusation against those in power in democracy and those who seek power."—*November 30, 1941*

San Francisco News

"The scenic backdrop lure of Hawaii has been exploited extensively by a legion of writers. Historically minded penmen have recently been adding their bit by adding glamor with the robust Island saga.

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"Walker Winslow has looked around the islands and found something more than material for a romantic brochure. He has written a lively (and what in island circles will undoubtedly be looked upon as a highly controversial) novel dealing with the racial, social and political problem of Hawaii today."—*November 29, 1941*

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Poetry

KING'S HIGHWAY. By Lucille Papin Borden. Macmillan. 1941. 485 *pp.* $2.50.

Miss Borden's new novel is introduced by means of a rather shopworn device. A modern grand-daughter finds an old document in a trunk long hidden away, and out of the document there proceeds, at eloquent length and couched in remarkably florid style, a narrative of early Catholic colonization in the days of Elizabeth. But once this cumbersome frame-work is out of the way, the virtues of the novel make themselves felt. Chief among these is a genuine exaltation of religious spirit which gives to the tale its true significance, that of a parable, a demonstration, perhaps, of spiritual values sorely needed today. The figures of the early Starforths, and Père Joseph among the Indians, are clearly designed as symbols of a vanished splendor of faith. It may be by design, too, that the contemporary figures are so wooden and cold beside those in the historic narrative. Certainly it may be said that the writing is too often sweet to the point of mawkishness. A simplicity of writing equal to the words of Père Joseph would have done a great deal for the book.

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

NEW ORLEANS AND ITS LIVING PAST. Photographs by Clarence J. Laughlin. Text by David L. Cohn. Houghton Mifflin. 1941. $10.

This edition consists of one thousand and thirty copies, of which one thousand are for sale, printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in October 1941. The copies are signed by photographer and author. No one familiar with or desiring to be familiar with the beautiful and amazing carnival city of New Orleans but will covet a copy of this book. Mr. Cohn, whose former books and articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* are well-known, has furnished an informed and charming text, and the plates of Mr. Laughlin's beautiful photographs are the last word in reproduction. Sumptuous is the only word for the book as a whole. It comes in a maroon slip-case with paper label. Binding and typography are distinguished.

W. R. B.

AIRWAYS: By Henry Ladd Smith. Knopf. 1942. 430 *pp.* $3.50.

In European countries commercial aviation was a hothouse plant grown from the seed of military necessity and nourished on defense subsidies. In the U. S. it was hothouse too, but capitalists, not soldiers, furnished the seed, and the botanical garden was run by the Post Office Department. In this fact, with a bow to the determining influence of our geography, Mr. Smith finds the reason why we have good, efficient, safe, and even profit-making commercial airlines. But the story of how they came about is a tangled one of many interweaving personal and political (the famous Black Committee which made some pretty bad boners) factors. He knows more about the personalities involved than many of them know about themselves and he must have spent years in reading dull reports, financial statements, and clippings from newspapers in the back blocks. The marvel is that having done all this spade work he was able to produce a book so vivid and energetic in style, so interesting even to the layman who approaches the subject without special interest. Whatever other books are written about it in the future this one will always remain the classic and standard work for its period; and will also be sheer good reading in any period.

F. P.

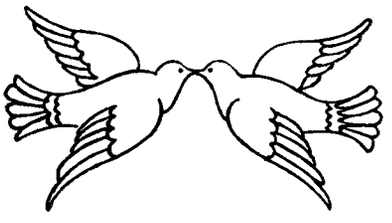
Travel

BALI. By Philip Hanson Hiss. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 112 *pp.* $4.50.

Not only are the sixty-four photographs of this book among the finest ever taken in Bali, but they are among the best travel shots I have seen anywhere. The text, however, will be of most interest to special students; it is solid, painstaking description of architecture, religion, music, dancing, the economy and mores of the island. The author rightly sees the Balinese as one of the finest and happiest people, with one of the oldest cultures, in the world today, with their forty thousand temples kept in repair by communal effort, their communal-democratic guilds, their independent children's society wherein the children educate one another, their benign and effective legal system, and above all such great content in their island that their ideal of reincarnation is to be returned to it.

But Mr. Hiss sees Bali's blessings doomed very shortly through adoption of the white man's ways despite the generous efforts of the Dutch and the tenacity with which the older people cling to tradition. May its gay animist and Hindu gods protect it now from the threatened New Order of the East.

H. D.



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Book Listings

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT 1940-1941. Edited by Edward Lazare. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1942. 499 *pp.* $10.

AMERICAN BOOK-PRICES CURRENT INDEX. 1933-1940. Edited by Edward Lazare. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1942. 765 *pp.* $30.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

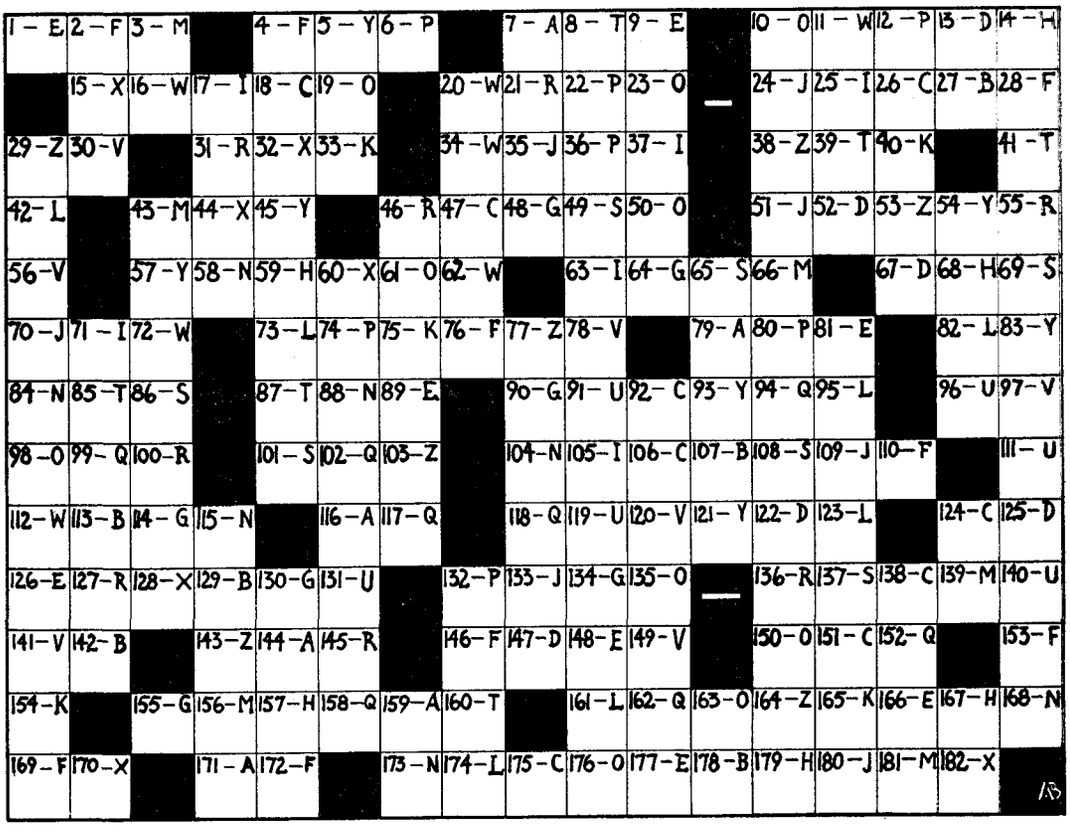
UNTIL time ends there will be second-hand books. The least worthy to survive are assured something more than a temporary permanence. The most worthy will do far better; their survival is as sure as that of the wheeling systems. They are priority-proof. And their value is measured, like the value of so many other artifacts, in dollars and cents.

"American Book-Prices Current" is an annual roundup of these values. It is now forty-seven years old—older than many of the books whose market values it gets forth, older than many of the authors whose works it cites with the fine impartiality of the auctioneer and the alphabet.

Every few years (there is no fixed periodicity about it) the proprietors of "American Book-Prices Current" telescope a sequence of the annual volumes into one. The present index is the third such in the nearly half-century of ABPC's existence. The first covered the years 1916-1922, the second 1923-1932, the latest 1933-1940, which was, and still is, the era of a book-collecting President.

These manuals appeal, obviously, to a highly restricted clientele—of the annual volume 600 copies have been printed, of the index 500. They are as indispensable to book-collector, rare bookseller and librarian as gills to a fish. The utility of the newest members of these essential series is heightened by the competent editorship of Edward Lazare.

The Chicago University Press, established in 1891, has recently issued an unusual publisher's catalogue. It is in dictionary style instead of the customary breakdown into countless subjects and sub-classifications, and contains every publication of the press from its beginning—2,726 titles, of which one-third are currently in print. Clothbound, it is lavishly illustrated with cuts from the books. The catalogue has been distributed free to college presidents, college libraries, educational foundations, and some book dealers, but is priced at $1.00 to the general public. The title: "The University of Chicago Press Catalogue of Books and Journals, 1891-1941."



Double-Crostics: No. 411

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The region of the dead (Egypt. relig.)

B. Proceeded with difficulty through disability.

C. A sudden and violent inroad or invasion.

D. To make one's contribution (colloq.; 2 wds.)

E. Looking with jealousy or malice (comp.)

F. Antiquated (comp.)

G. American portrait-painter (1812-68).

H. One of the *quints.*

I. Applied to the red pine *(pinus resinosa).*

J. Clear to the vision and understanding.

K. Italian painter (1480-1556).

L. Laid aside (comp.)

M. Speaks monotonously.

N. Diabolical.

O. Each second or alternate (2 wds.)

P. Title and hero of a play by Ben Jonson (1607).

Q. Tending to deceive.

R. Short and thick.

S. Incarcerates.

T. A round building of classical Greek date and style (arch.)

U. Mischievous.

V. Quick or slight inclinations of the head.

W. Clumsy; clownish.

X. Drenches (colloq.)

Y. A member of an order of solitary monks (Ch. hist.)

Z. Corrected; rectified.

WORDS

A.	79 116 159 144 7 171
B.	113 178 27 107 129 142
C.	26 124 18 47 106 92 138 151 175
D.	67 147 52 13 125 122
E.	9 126 166 177 89 1 148 81
F.	28 2 4 169 153 110 76 146 172
G.	134 114 90 48 64 130 155
H.	14 59 68 179 167 157
I.	71 17 25 37 105 63
J.	109 133 70 51 180 35 24
K.	165 75 33 40 154
L.	161 95 73 123 174 42 82
M.	43 156 66 3 139 181
N.	88 168 173 84 58 115 104
O.	19 163 23 61 150 98 50 10 176 135
P.	22 36 74 12 132 80 6
Q.	102 99 94 152 118 162 158 117
R.	100 46 127 21 31 136 55 145
S.	108 69 101 65 137 49 86
T.	87 8 39 85 41 160
U.	119 140 96 91 131 111
V.	149 97 56 30 120 141 78
W.	72 11 20 34 112 62 16
X.	182 128 32 170 44 60 15
Y.	5 57 45 54 83 93 121
Z.	143 53 164 38 103 29 77

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TRADE WINDS

WHY aren't there more Negro women writers? We don't know—we're just asking. All this because of the rich writing—most of it by males—in "The Negro Caravan," to be issued by the Dryden Press during Negro History Week, February 13th.

Offhand, we can think of Jessie Fauset, Zora Hurston, and Phyllis Wheatley (one of the earliest American poets who sent much of her verse to General George Washington). Of course, there are many others, but few who are as outstanding. In other creative fields—the dance, music, painting—the contributions of the American Negress are distinguished. We would be interested in any study made in this field. The research will prove valuable and add much to a problem that seems to need clarification.

★ ★

☞A Centennial Edition of the "Works and Letters of Sidney Lanier" (1842-1881) is now in preparation and will be issued by the John Hopkins Press at the end of 1942. Information leading to the discovery of Lanier letters and manuscripts will be greatly appreciated by the General Editor, Charles R. Anderson, Box 1236, The John Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

★ ★

☞We are pleased to see that Ellen Glasgow is the winner of the Southern Women's National Democratic Committee award. Given annually for the most distinguished book by a Southern writer, the award is for $100 and is for "On This Our Life." It will be recalled that last year the *SRL* presented Miss Glasgow with its annual award for distinguished service to American literature.

★ ★

☞Ronald Mansbridge, of the Cambridge University Press Department of Macmillan, is intrigued by the Critic's Poll that appears each month in *Harpers*. In fact, after observing the first eight titles on the fiction list, Mr. Mansbridge felt the call of the Muse, and, taking typewriter in hand, gave forth as follows:

Windswept, Storm, Leaf in the Storm—
"Wolfe, Woolf," is the critic's cry;
O, Broad and Alien is the World,
But The Last Tycoon am I.

Sombre and Dark is The Timeless Land
Between the Acts it is snowing.
Swept by the Wind are The Hills Beyond;
My overcoat, please. I'm going.

Suggestion to Mr. M.: How about a follow-up on the new vogue in dragons-*vide* the new Sinclair and Buck.

★ ★

☞Schuman's, publisher and bookseller in historical medicine and science, is issuing on February 10th "The History and Evolution of Surgical Instruments," by Dr. C. J. S. Thompson. This is believed to be the first general survey of the surgeon's tools and is based on the famous instrument collection in the possession of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. Shortly after the manuscript reached Schuman's, the Royal College was the target of Nazi bombings and suffered severe damage. But though the collection is destroyed, the written and illustrative record will now be available to scientists and scholars. Those interested in this new imprint may address inquiries to Schuman's, 20 East 70 Street, New York.

★ ★

☞If you live in or fairly close to New York, tune in on Station WQXR and listen to a poetry program that comes over the air every Thursday at 2:30. The purpose of this program is to give young poets a chance to express their new works and compositions to a large and receptive audience. The way of the poet is hard, and "Out of the Ivory Tower," as the program is called, is a pleasurable opportunity for the bards. There is much good verse written today and much of it comes from the presses of New Direction and Twice-A-Year. These fittingly follow the old *Little Review*, and the very alert *Magazine of Poetry* of today.

★ ★

☞**Book Babble:** Viking dark horse: 'The Perilous Night," with a second printing before publication . . . "Telephone Booth Indian" will become, we believe, quite as famous as Jim Thorp . . . The Major North author, F. Van Wyck Mason, is doing sleuthing for the Army, having been assigned to the Publications and Special Features Section of the Army Bureau of Public Relations . . . The most thorough job being done on the Philippines—General MacArthur excluded—is Joseph Ralston Hayden's new book, "The Philippines."

★ ★

Society Note: Mr. Anthony Passaretti, accountant and check writer for *SRL*, married Miss Judy Bonfiglio on February 1st. Next stop—Niagara Falls.

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